VVelcome yee warlike *Gothes*, welcome *Lucius*,
And welcome all although the cheare be poore,
Twill fill your ſtomacks, pleaſe you eate of it.
King. VVhy art thou thus attired *Andronicus*?
Titus. Becauſe I would be ſure to haue all well,
To entertaine your highnes and your Empreſſe.
Tamora. VVeare beholding to you good *Andronicus*,
Titus. And if your highnes knew my hart you were,
My Lord the Emperour reſolue me this,
VVas it well done of raſh *Viginius*
To ſlay his daughter with his owne right hand
Becauſe ſhe was enforſt, ſtainde, and deflowrde?
King. It was *Andronicus*.
Titus. Your reaſon mighty Lord.
King. Becauſe the girle ſhould not ſuruiue her ſhame,
And by her preſence ſtill renewe his ſorrowes.
Titus. A reaſon mighty, ſtrong, and effectuall,
A patterne preſident, and liuelie warrant,
For me moſt wretched to performe the like,
Die, die, *Lauinia* and thy ſhame with thee,
And with thy ſhame thy Fathers ſorrow die.
King. VVhat haſt thou done, vnnaturall and vnkinde,
Tit. Kild her for whom my teares haue made me blind,
I am as woefull as *Virginius* was,
And haue a thouſand times more cauſe than he,
To doe this outrage, and it now is done.
King. VVhat was ſhe rauiſht, tell who did the deede.
T. VVilt pleaſe you eate, wilt pleaſe your highnes feed,
Tam. VVhy haſt thou ſlaine thine only Daughter thus?
Titus. Not I, twas *Chiron*, and *Demetrius*,
They Rauiſht her and cut away her tongue,
And they, twas they, that did her all this wrong.
King, Goe fetch them hither to vs preſently.
Titus. VVhy there they are both baked in this Pie.
VVhereof their Mother daintilie hath fed,
Eating the fleſh that ſhee her ſelfe hath bred,

Tis true, tis true, witnes my knives ſharpe
He ſ
Emperour, Die franticke wretch for th
Lucius. Can the ſonnes eie behold his
Ther's meede for meede, death for a dea
Marcus. You ſad faced men, people a
By vprores ſeuerd as a flight of fowle,
Scatterd by winds and high tempeſtuous
Oh let me teach you how to knit againe,
This ſcattered corne into one mutuall ſhe
Theſe broken limbs againe into one bod
Romane Lord. Let Rome her ſelfe be
and ſhee whome mightie kingdomes cur
Like a forlorne and deſperate caſt away,
Doe ſhamefull execution on her ſelfe.
But if my froſtie ſignes and chappes of ag
Graue witneſſes of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,
Speake Roomes deare friend as erſt our A
when with his ſolemne tongue he did diſco
To loue ſicke Didoes ſad attending eare,
The ſtorie of that balefull burning night,
VVhen ſubtile Greekes ſurprizd King P
Tell vs what Sinon hath bewicht our ear
Or who hath brought the fatall engine in
That giues our Troy, our Rome the ciuill
My hart is not compact of flint nor ſteele,
Nor can I vtter all our bitter greefe,
But flouds of teares will drowne my Orato
And breake my vttrance euen in the time
VVhen it ſhould moue yee to attend me m
And force you to commiſeration,
Her's Romes young Captaine let him tell t
VVhile I ſtand by and weepe to heare hi
Lucius. Then gratious auditorie be it kn
That *Chiron* and the damn'd *Demetrius*,